NOVEMBER:

OR,

Signal Dayes

Observed in that Month

In Relation to the CROWN and ROYAL FAMILY.

Written by the most Ingenious and Learned

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then *Student* of *Christ-Church in Oxon*, and *Proctor* of the *University*.

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1.

THou Sun that ſhew'ſt the Day, look down and ſee
A Month more ſhining by Events than thee;
Departed *SAINTS* and *SOULS* ſign'd it before, *First Day* All-Saints; *Second Day* All-Souls.
But now the Living ſign it more:
Perſons and Actions met, all meant for Joy;
But ſome build up, and ſome deſtroy:
Bate Us that Uſhering Curſe (ſo Dearly known)
And then the Month is all our own:
So at the Firſt, Darkneſs was thrown about
Th' Unſhapen Earth, and Light was then ſtruck out.

Third Day Began the Long Parliament 1640. *and* Mahomet *began his Reign* Anno 622. *and* Cautionary Towns *restored to the* States 1616.

Draw the first Curtain, and the Scene is then
A Triple Sheet of Quil'd and Trusted Linnen;
Men, in whose hands 'twas once to have given Us more
Than our bold Fathers ask'd before:
Who had they us'd their Prince's Grace, had got
What no Arms gild, and Time will not:
What more than Witchcraft did our Blessing curse,
And made the Cure make Evils worse.
'Tis the Third Day, throw in the Blackest Stone,
Mark it for Curs'd, and let it stand Alone.

3.

Fourth Day The Birth of the Princess Royal MARY (*D. of* Aurange) 1632. and *of her Son the now Prince of* Aurange 1650.

But, hold! I speak gentler things; this *Fourth* was seen
The softest Image of our Beauteous Queen:
Bring me a Lamb, not us'd to elder Food,
That hath as yet more Milk than Blood;
That to the Honour of this early Bride
(Like *Tethis* come to *Peleus* side)
Some tender thing may fall: though none can be
So tender or so white as She:
While we at home our little Turf debate,
She spreads our Glory to another State.

4.

Next, View a Treason of the worst Intent,
Had not our own done more than Strangers meant:
Religion is the Thing both sides pretend,
But either to a different End;
They *Covenant* our Zeal to their own Use,
These out of Zeal to pull all down
Bless Us from *those*, as *them*, but yet compare
Those in the Vault, these in the Chair:
Though the just Doom of successful Sin
Fix theirs *without*, you'll find worse Heads *within*.

Fifth Day. The Gunpowder Plot 1605.

5.

But, hark! what Thunder's this, and who those men
Flying towards Heaven, but soon fall down again?
Whose those black Corps cast on the Guilty Shore?
'Tis Sin that swims to its own Dore:
'Tis the Third Scourge of Rebels, which allow'd
Our Army, like the Prophets Cloud,
Did from a handful rise, until at last
By it their Sky was over-cast:
But (as Snakes hiss after they've lost their Sting)
The Traytors call'd this Treachery in the King.

Twelfth and Thirteenth Day, Brainford Fight 1642.

6. Away,

6.

Sixteenth Day Queen HENRIETTE MARIA *born.*

Away! and view the Graces and the Powers
Hov'ring aloof and dropping mingled Flowers
Upon a Cradle where an Infant lay
More Grace, more Goddess than we they:
Thrice did they destine Her to pass the Seas;
Love made her thrice to pass with Ease,
To raise a strength of Princes first, and then
To raise another strength of men:
Most fruitful Queen, we boast both Gifts, and thine
The Day that mention You, the Joy to Us.

7.

Seventeenth Day Queen ELIZABETH *began her Reign* 1558.

Next to this Mochet stands a Virgin Queen,
Courting and Courted, wheresoever seen:
The People's Love first from her Troubles grew,
Her Reign then made that Love her Due:
That comely Order which did then adorn
Both Fabricks, now by Faction's torn,
That Form by her allow'd of *Common-Prayer*
Is stil'd vain beating of the Air:
How do they Honour, how Forsake her Crown,
Her Times are still cry'd up, but practis'd down.

8. Reach

8.

Reach laſt the whiteſt Stone the World yet knew,
White as his Soul to whom the Day is due;
Son of the Peaceful *James*, how is he bleſt
With all his Bleſſings but his Reſt!
Though undeſerved Times cloud all his Pow'rs,
All Troubles ſeize on other Hours;
Let this Day flow to Him, as void of care
As Feaſts to Godds and Poets are;
The Wiſh is Juſt, O Heavens, and as our ſtrife
Hath added to his Care, adde to his Life.

Nineteenth Day The Birth of K. CHARLES *the Firſt* 1600.

9.

And now ſince His large Heart with Hers is met,
Whoſe Day the Stars on purpoſe neer have ſet;
November ſhall to me for ever ſhine
Red in its Ink, redder in Wine:
And ſince the *Third* Day (which hath now made ſhift
T' abſolve the Treaſons of the *Fifth*)
Cannot be well remember'd or forgot
By Loyal Hearts, as if 'twere not:
The laſt Extream againſt the firſt We'll bring,
That gave us many Tyrants, this a King.

FINIS.